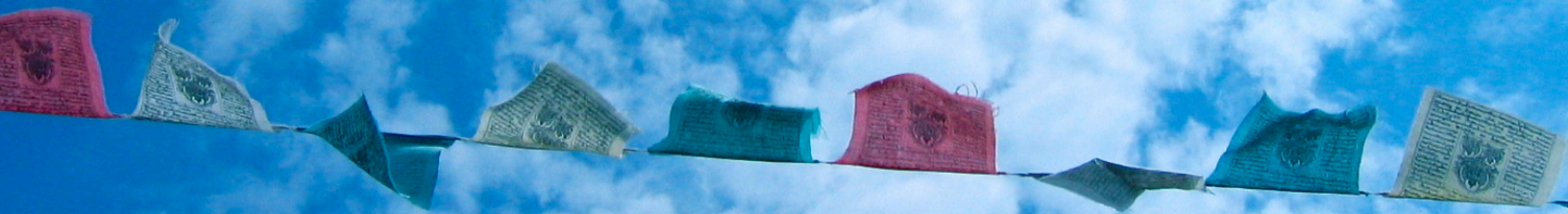
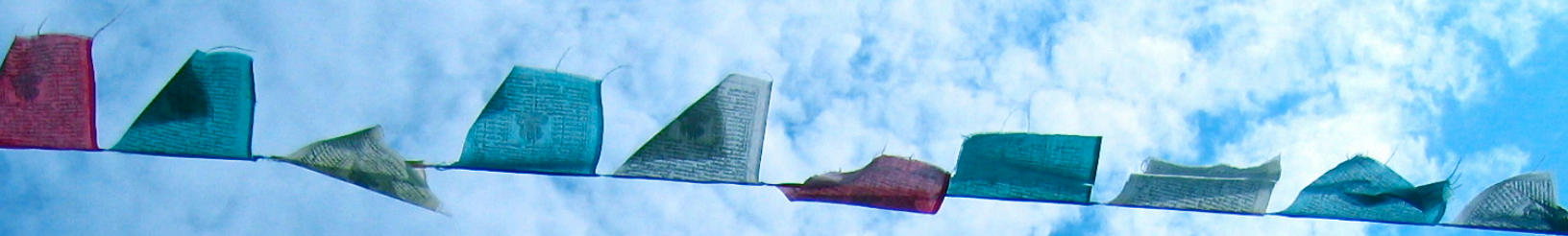


a t m o s p h e r e



j e r u s h a

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turn toward peace Rick Arnold: guitar, bass; Brian Morris: keyboards

atmosphere dedicated to the climate activists of 350.org
Brian Morris: bass and LiveEarth Gibson guitar; Sarah Burrill and Rick Arnoldi: back-up vocals

blue dress (*Veinte Años*) interpretation of Yiddish poem "Hiperfantazy" written in a Latvian jail in 1928 by Cila Melamed (1905-1993); music: "**Veinte Años**" by Maria Teresa Vera (1895-1965) Rick Arnoldi: guitar

sleep with the moon Rick Arnoldi: guitar; Li Lu: cello

ballad of maria hallett thanks to Elaine McIlroy, Paine's Campground & Elizabeth Reynard (1898-1962)
Brian Morris and Michael Ryle: bass; Rick Arnoldi: guitar; Bruce Abbott: pennywhistle

golden ring for Ellen Mermin
Rick Arnoldi: guitar, keyboards, bass; Bruce Abbott: flute; Paula Erickson: back-up vocals; Jerusha: harp

snow for Liza Stelle (1945-1999)
concludes with two lines from "Angel Baby" © Rosalie Hamlin (EMI)
Hamutal Maron: cello; Tom Beaver: keyboards; Rick Arnoldi: guitar

true love is hard to find Brian Morris: bass; Rick Arnoldi: guitars

angel of death Brian Morris: bass; Rick Arnoldi: guitar; Alicia Svigals: violin; handclaps: Jerusha

we're all gonna die Jerusha, Paula Erickson, Rick Arnoldi and Nette Olsen: *acapella* vocals

slow turn (toward peace) Rick Arnoldi: guitar; Jerusha: whistles, ocarinas, percussion

lead vocals by jerusha (harriet korim arnoldi) **all songs** © 2011 **jerusha / permanent wave music (BMI)**;
"blue dress" lyrics based on "Hiperfantazy" © 1928 Cila Melamed; "Veinte Anos" melody © Maria Teresa Vera Morva; "snow" concludes with quote from "Angel Baby" © Rosalie Hamlin (EMI)

arrangements: **Rick Arnoldi**; engineering: **Brian Morris**; mastered by **Jonathan Wyner** at Mworks
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jerushamusic.com

Slow down-- take a hike, take a bus, take a bike
turn towards peace

one step at a time, gonna quiet my mind,
and turn towards peace

Do the fumes at the tank leave you dizzy?
Does the news on the tube make you ill?
why not turn off the TV and go outside –
try a deep breath instead of a pill, and *slow down...*
gonna lock up my clock, take a walk 'round the block
and turn towards peace

When patriots cruise down the fast lane
flag-waving may be well and good
but every woman and man who drives and loves this planet
come on, raise your right foot and *slow down...*
don't be fools for fuel, be cool, carpool
and turn towards peace

You never can grab it and hold it, 'cause it's never all finished and done
It's just something you know when you feel it
Like a turtle who turns towards the sun — *slow down...*
I'm gonna lighten my load, make some friends on the road
and turn towards peace

a song from the green shul © 2006, 2011 jerusha (harriet korim arnoldi) BMI
photo: Robert Nichols and Grace Paley on Broadway anti-war walk 2006

a t m o s p h e r e

one summer day, around the earth
we sang and played for you

atmosphere — you're the veil I see through
you disappear into thin air, I breathe you

cloud, bird, rain, snow . . . smoke plumes rise
they show me you're here, cause otherwise
you disappear into thin air, I breathe you

atmosphere . . .

sunlit blanket, warm me up — you're just a puff of air
starlit blanket, keep me cool — you're my spirit, I'm your fool

atmosphere . . .

clear blue, sweet breeze — you got a cinder in your eye
wishes won't wish it away and tears won't wash it away
the only way is change

positive . . . how I live . . . every day . . . my foolish ways
. . . *change* . . . *change* . . . *change* . . .

one autumn day around the earth, we sing and pray for you

atmosphere — you're the veil we see through
you disappear into thin air, we breathe you

blue dress

the sky will be my blue dress, the sun will be my hat
my slippers will be made of moss and soft dark violets
life will be my servant and death will be my friend
the years will fly like arrows, the moment never end

these prison walls will crumble, the iron bars will rust
then the song that we are singing will rise up from the dust
the treasures safe inside it are nothing more than this:
the earth's breath on my skin, the taste of your sweet kiss

I'll make my dress out of the clouds, the sun will be my hat
my shoes will be spring flowers, my thought — a bird in flight
life will be my servant and death will be my friend
the years will flow like water — the moment never end

*kh'vel a kleyd mir fun di volkns makhn un di zun vet zayn mayn hut
mayne shikh di friling blumen, mayn gedank der foygl hoykh in luft
s'vet alts shklaf dos lebn dinen, un der toyt vet zayn mayn fraynd
s'veln zikh yorn gikh tserinen — der moment vet eybik zayn*

adaptation of Yiddish poem **Hiperfantazia**, written by Cila Melamed when she was a political prisoner in Latvia in 1928; music: **Veinte Años** by legendary Cuban artist Maria Teresa Vera; with thanks to Aviva Edelkind, Dorothea Greve and Caridad Jorlen Vera; photo of Cila circa 1930 (photographer unknown); music © Maria Teresa Vera Morva (SGAE) English lyrics © 2011 jerusha (BMI)



photographer unknown (Cuba, circa 1925): Rafael Zequeira and Maria Teresa Vera (1895-1965)

s l e e p w i t h t h e m o o n

I wanted to sleep with the moon
The moon told me there was no room
In my little bed, to rest her monstrous head
So she dove outside into a pool of light
And I remained with my desire, and a collie and a lily and a bowl of fire



Then I walked into the sea
To find out how wet it could be
The sea said, "Climb up on my lap, I'll rock you in my tropic calms,"
So I risked the ruin of me drowning in those arms

Knocked down and flung by the wave
I clung to your branch and was saved
Now I rest beneath a tree
Content as I will ever be
Shuttling birds weave rhapsodies
And the night-time crickets ring their changes on me

*O, willow tree
You're just about as slow as me. . .*

The Ballad of Maria Hallett

telling of the true romance of Maria Hallett & Samuel Bellamy & of the shipwreck of the galley *Whydah* off the coast of Eastham (now South Wellfleet) in April, 1717, as recollected & imagined by Harriet Jerusha Korim of Wellfleet, with thanks to Elizabeth Reynard, and a circle of friends who re-told the story in the early 1980's at Paine's Campground near the site where the wreck of the *Whydah* was later discovered. First performed by Wonder Strand at Salt Pond Visitor Center, Eastham, July, 2007 © Jerusha 2007

Samuel's a pirate, but to me
he is straight and true as a black oak tree
When he gathers me up
in his strong, brown arms
I'm snug and safe from earthly harm

We meet in the hollow
where the little frogs sing
The moon shines bright
as a wedding ring
and the hoot owl cries out to his mate:
Who betrays? Who's betrayed?



When he sails back from the Carib Sea
he'll bring bright treasures home to me
with a bolt of silk the color of my eyes
to claim me as his dearest prize

I rock my babe to our courting tune,
praying Sam will come home soon
& gather us up in his strong, brown arms
snug and safe from earthly harm



Now they call me a witch & what is more
They've driven me out
to the wild back shore
Cast me out to ruin and wrack, with
nothing but my loom
& the clothes on my back
Our love song turned to a cruel complaint,
our kiss to bitter bile
There was never one word from Sam
Bellamy for his sweetheart, or his child

So I cursed the *Whydah*
& summoned a storm,
Like the witch they take me for
And forgive me, Mother of God,
but it came
And hurled that ship onto this dark shore;
Snapped her masts, scattered her gold
& drowned her sailors brave and bold

Sam was a pirate, but to me
he was straight and true as a black oak tree
when he gathered me up
in his strong, brown arms
I was snug and safe from earthly harm

Now I can't sleep when the little frogs sing
The Moon shines bright as a wedding ring
And the hoot owl cries out to his mate:
Who betrays? Who's betrayed?



golden ring

I was swimming in the bay when my ring slipped off

You can lose a golden ring

In my mind I could hear your laugh

Now that's a precious thing

You taught me how to twist rope, warp looms, milk goats

Take chances and make dances, and that's a precious thing

It's been so long since we wove this cloth *you can lose a golden ring*

But we picked up right where we left off *now that's a precious thing*

Spun yarn can wait that way — it's not like paint and it's not like clay

So we'll take chances and make dances, and that's a precious thing

Now I'm riding to see you past autumn trees *you can lose a golden ring*

Their jewels burn brighter than any ring *now that's a precious thing*

Tomorrow they may all be gone, torn down by a sudden storm

So we'll take chances and make dances, and that's a precious thing

The harbor guards her pot of gold *you can lose a golden ring*

And the merrows dip their fingers in *they might choose your golden ring*

Their red caps sparkle like fire-light

When the night turns day, when the day turns night,

When we take chances and make dances, and that's a precious thing

I was swimming in the bay when my ring slipped off. . .

s n o w

Opened my eyes, snow was on the ground
And in the trees, and falling all around
I love the way it sifts out all the gray
You can keep so still and go so far away
 You're in the air, you're in the tree

Wrapped in blankets and in dreams of you
You don't need secret passwords to get through
You know those trails that you can barely see?
That was the way we traveled, you and me
 You're on the trail, you're in the dream

. . .

Now the seasons are all turned around
There are flowers in the trees and on the ground
I can hear you laughing, singing those old songs
Quietly I join and sing along,
 *"It's just like heaven, being here with you.
 You're like an angel, too good to be true."*

true love is hard to find

Sappho was a breeder, so was Oscar Wilde
Not to mention Vita
But where is Mother Theresa's child?
Edgar Hoover was a drag queen of the closet kind
Contradictions are so common,
But true love is hard to find

*We like everything divided:
Black, white, left, right, gay and straight
So we know just where we stand
And who to love and who to hate*

Three cheers for two-tone convertibles
For the striped and dappled kinds
Who go dutch, and don't know much,
But know true love is hard to find

When the judges meet their judges
Then will the sentence fit the crime?
Ain't the sainted ones all tainted?
But true love is hard to find

We like everything divided...

What's your problem? What's your pleasure? Do you ever cross the line?
Beauty comes all shapes and colors, but *true love is hard to find*

a n g e l o f d e a t h

When's gonna come the angel of death
Who's gonna rescue me
Who's gonna open the window up
And let my breath go free?

I'm gonna give up the ghost on the seventh night, with wonders in the sky
And fly right up with the Queen of Heaven, and look God right in the eye

Because everything that is not true has ripped and blown away
I've cursed and kissed and testified. I've got nothing left to say

But who's gonna loosen up this knot and set this spirit free?
Who's gonna watch the candle flame and sing a psalm for me?

When's gonna come the angel of death....

And keep the mirrors covered up and wash my body clean?
Who's gonna push my prayer for peace into the *kotel ma'aravi*?

Take linen and pine to cover my bones
and soft spring earth and clay and stones

Who's gonna cry and laugh and talk and sing and pray for me
And go home over the Mystic Bridge, and let me rest in peace



we're all gonna die

we're all gonna die
mama and daddy might go on ahead of us (4X)

but here we are alive and breathing
always arriving
always leaving
we walk with love as strong as death
taste heaven and earth in every breath

'cause we're all gonna die
mama and daddy might go on ahead of us. . .

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photo © 2011 jerusha, San Juan islands, fragment of quote from Emerson

IN THE WOOD, WE RETURN

earth day 2011 yet-to-be-recorded post-script (with apologies to Patti Smith):

we will live again, we will live again
we will live again, we will live again

mushroom, moss,
cedar tree
we will live again
peeper, crow, coyote
we will live again...

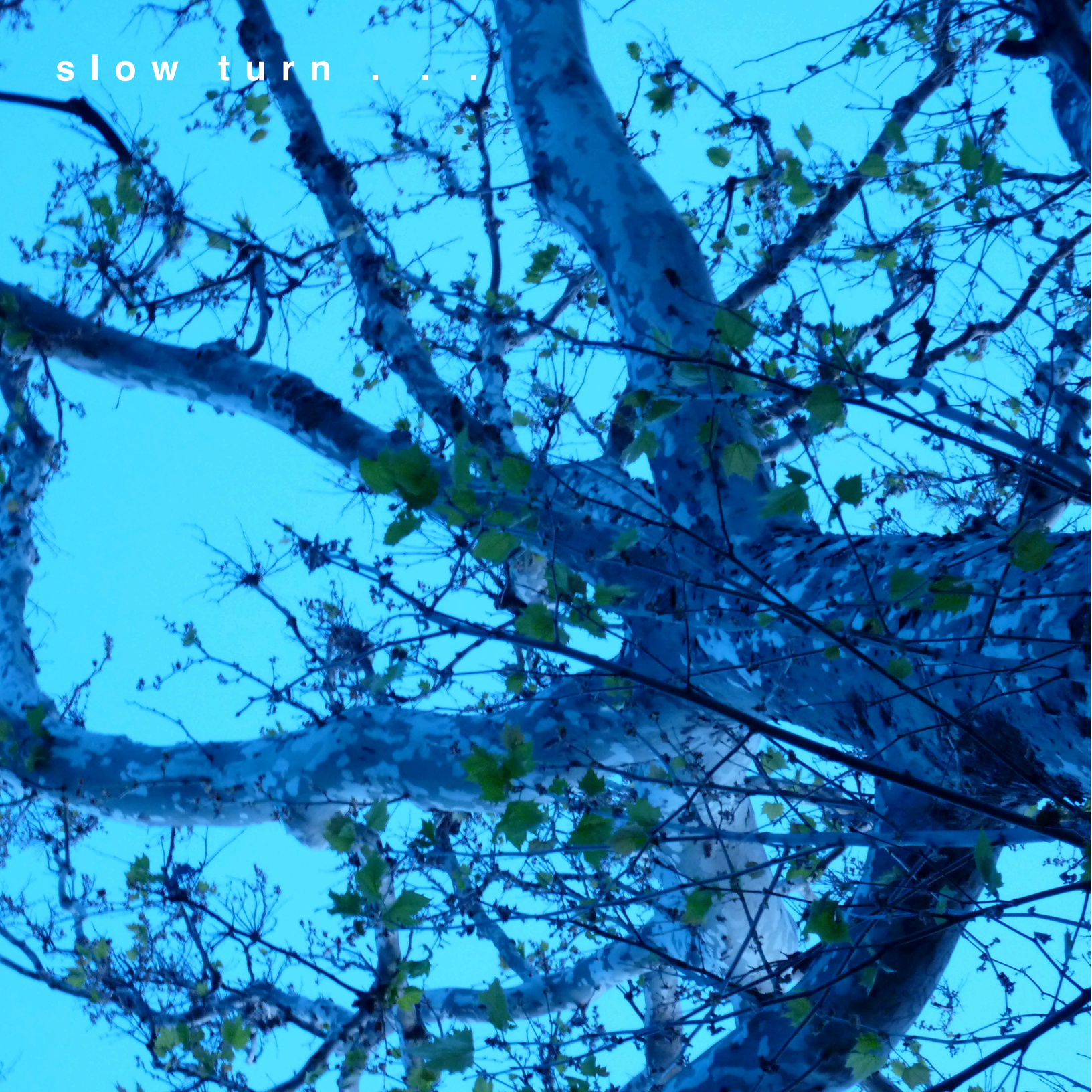
in molecules
of earth and sea
we will live again
in hand-me-downs
and recipes
we will live again...

in old folk songs
and heirloom seeds
we will live again
the ghost we give up
is the air we breathe
we will live again...

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s l o w t u r n





a t m o s p h e r e

these eleven songs (released earth day eve, twenty-eleven) were composed, recorded and packaged by hand on the outer Cape, with the help of artists who live here or who have washed ashore long enough to join in for a song or two: Bruce Abbott (pennywhistle and flute), Rick Arnoldi (arrangements, guitar, bass, background vocals), Tom Beaver (keyboards), Sarah Burrill (background vocals), Brian Morris (engineering, Live Earth guitar, bass, keyboards), Paula Erickson (background vocals), Li Lu (cello), Hamutal Tsur Marom (cello), Nette Olsen (background vocals), Andrea Pluhart (graphics), Michael Ryle (bass) and Alicia Svigals (violin).

thanks to Jonathan Wyner of Mworks for audio mastering; to Rosalie Hamlin, Cila Melamed and Maria Teresa Vera Morva for their contribution of words and music on two songs; and to Robert Harrison (robertharrison.org) of UK for permission to reproduce this photo (which he took using a simple camera, remote and helium balloon) of Earth's exquisite halo, our collective spirit, as we live and breathe.

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